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Is Puerto Rico Next?
—Edward J. Dunne

THE

Commonweal

The U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Profile of Power

by Josef Korbel

A Film in Context

by Maryvonne Butcher

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THE COMMONWEAL
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Editor
EDWARD S. SKILLIN

Managing Editor
JAMES O'GARA

Associate Editors
JAMES FINN
RICHARD HORCHLER

Drama Critic: RICHARD HAYES; *Movie Critic:* PHILIP T. HARTUNG; *Paris:* ROBERT BARRAT; *Rome:* GUNNAR D. KUMLIEN; *Great Britain:* MICHAEL P. FOGARTY

JOHN BRUBAKER: *Advertising Manager*

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THE
Commonweal
A Weekly Review of Public Affairs, Literature, and the Arts
THIRTY-FIFTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

week by week

A JOINT TASK

IN THE PAST fifteen years the nations of the world have accomplished much to give various refugees a new start in life. In West Germany alone some twelve million persons from behind the Iron Curtain have found new homes. The number of non-Germans who have fled the Soviet satellite lands and eventually settled in the United States, the British Dominions, South America or Western Europe is also impressive. Despite the disheartening scope of the problem, more fortunate peoples in the free world have often met the challenge; individually and through private and government refugee agencies, they have completed a large part of the job.

The problem that remains as the World Refugee Year now opens is smaller in extent but more unyielding in character. The greatest emphasis this time is to be on Europe, where some two hundred thousand refugees still live in camps. Many of these people tend to be in the "hard core" category, people who have not been accepted as immigrants because of various disabilities. Either they are aged, weakened by ill health or hampered by a large number of children who must be supported—or simply devoid of production skills that would be welcomed in another land. During their years of fruitless waiting in these camps, their aptitudes and adaptability have declined further.

The one encouraging thing about this "hard core" of European refugees is that they have proved better able to respond to opportunities than one would expect. In a recent issue of the London *Tablet*, Anton Silvester reports the success Norway and Sweden have had in accepting hundreds from this remaining group, even those suffering from tuberculosis and other serious ills. He estimates that the number that would still need to be kept in camps, and given special care, may be as few as twenty-five hundred, not counting their dependents. The problem of Europe's remaining refugees appears indeed to be limited enough to yield to the concerted efforts of many nations.

BUT EUROPE'S refugees comprise only a fraction of the present problem. There are, for example, a million Chinese refugees on the island of Hong Kong, nearly a million Palestinian Arabs, hundreds of thousands in both South Korea and South Viet Nam, two hundred thousand Algerians who have sought shelter in Tunisia and Morocco, and now Tibetans who have fled for their lives.

The prospect still is overpowering in scope. Those who are supplying the leadership in the World Refugee Year envisage most of these situations in terms different from those of the hard-core cases in Europe. The object is still to enable these people to become self-supporting, but for the most part this is not to be through large-scale migrations. In Hong Kong the task is to provide housing and set up new industries. In the Middle East, where nationalistic and religious passions make a solution incalculably difficult, a combination of partial resettlement in Israel and partial absorption into the various Arab countries is suggested. In Viet Nam and Korea industries that will build up the economies of those heavily populated countries will be required. Each case will call for its own remedies.

Making headway this year for the refugees the world over involves many things. It calls for a new upsurge of hospitality on the part of the United States and many other nations. Legislation such as that of Senator Clifford Case and three of his colleagues would provide for admissions beyond present immigration quotas. Any concerted effort to tackle the refugee problem will necessitate addi-

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tional expenditures all around. It should stimulate the export of Western capital and know-how.

The objectives of this continuing and intensified activity for refugees have a universal appeal. As is the case with the labors of many U.N. subsidiary agencies, this humanitarian enterprise can engage the wholehearted attention of industrial powers and colonial peoples. Our own country with its available living space and great resources has a major share to contribute, but the cause of the refugees is dependent on the joint efforts of many peoples, East and West.

THE SCHOOLS OF LITTLE ROCK

ONCE AGAIN the attentions of all who are concerned with race relations in this country have been directed to Little Rock. Just a few weeks ago Governor Orval Faubus suffered a personal setback when three members of the school board, who were pro-segregationist and pro-Faubus, were recalled at the ballot box. The election at least suggested that the temper of the voters had shifted, that the rabid segregationists, even with the active support of the Governor, could no longer direct the course of the town's attitudes and feelings.

Now the obstacles which the Governor and his backers have placed in the path of desegregation in the schools have been further weakened by a recent Federal Court decision. For the three-judge Court has declared unconstitutional those laws which allow the Governor to close the public schools of Little Rock. The decision was not a total surprise, and the Governor accepted it with an aplomb that suggests he regarded the outcome as probable. He did indicate that the decision might be appealed to the Supreme Court, but the school board has already laid plans to reopen the Little Rock high schools next fall.

An Appeal

Father Aloysius Ravalico, S.D.B., writes that much of the precious rice crop in Manipur, North India, has been destroyed by rats. Famine threatens, and he needs funds to feed his many orphan charges at Imphal, and to help the neighboring villages. He can feed an orphan for ten cents a day. Meanwhile, heavy floods leaving thousands of homeless are reported in Manipur. Help for Father Ravalico may be sent to him c/o Salesian Missions, 148 Main St., New Rochelle, N.Y.

If, according to the happiest prognostications, the schools are opened, it will mean not only that more Little Rock students will receive more education next year than this year, but that they will be educated in non-segregated classrooms. Should this take place, it will confirm what leaders in the fight for racial equality said long before the Supreme Court decisions: the pressure to attain equality must be steady and unrelenting. The desired changes will not come immediately; they may not come rapidly; but they will not take place at all unless they are fought for.

HISTORIC REJECTION

THE NAME OF Lewis L. Strauss has now been added to a small and exclusive list of Cabinet appointees rejected by the Congress. When the Senate voted forty-nine to forty-six against confirming his appointment as Secretary of Commerce, Mr. Strauss became the eighth Cabinet appointee to be rejected in the entire history of the nation.

In view of this fact, nearly everyone in Washington seemed to be sobered by the realization that something of great gravity had occurred. With very few exceptions, even the Senators who had voted against Mr. Strauss expressed no elation at the result, only a sense of having accomplished an unfortunate and distasteful task. Such a reaction is, we think, quite understandable. The case of Mr. Strauss was not a simple one, and the complications of the issues involved permitted no quick and easy judgments. Certainly few Americans can feel any unqualified satisfaction at such a turning in a long and conscientious public career.

As we commented some weeks ago, it was not at all surprising, in view of his record, that some Senators felt entitled to question Mr. Strauss's "integrity and fitness" for the very important Commerce post. This is not to say that Mr. Strauss could be accused of malfeasance or out-and-out lying, but there were many dubious and disturbing items in his history. There were his flatly challenged assertions about his part in the Oppenheimer case and in the development of the hydrogen bomb; there were his statements, later found to be inaccurate and always in a politically convenient direction, on fall-out, the detection-range of underground nuclear tests and on "clean" weapons; there were his often disputed ultra-secret security principles; there was the strong vote of no-confidence in him filed by the members of the American Physical Society; there was the never-resolved conflict between

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his sworn testimony and that of others in the Dixon-Yates investigation.

Surely, on the basis of this record, it was not unthinkable and outrageous for the Senate to investigate these items, or try to. And yet, from the President on down, the supporters of Mr. Strauss maintained that the critics of the acting Secretary were motivated merely by the partisan desire to punish a strong and aggressively conservative Republican. Any and all criticism of Mr. Strauss was contemptuously dismissed with such terms as character assassination, partisan revenge and the like. Even the insulting suggestion of anti-Semitism was offered to explain the opposition to Mr. Strauss.

Then the lobbying for the Strauss appointment—extending from the White House to every corner of Washington, apparently—was so blatant and so intense that Democratic Leader Lyndon Johnson was impelled to protest, saying that this furious lobbying was building up dangerous resentment in Senatorial ranks. During the actual hearings, Mr. Strauss undoubtedly contributed more than anyone else to his own downfall. He demanded—and got—special treatment, including the right to rebut any and all witnesses. He was belligerent and disdainful, indicating that he was always, forever and totally, right, while anyone who disagreed with him on any score could be only a knave or a fool. He evaded direct questions and retreated often into the asylum of privileged information.

These tactics, on the part of Mr. Eisenhower, Republican leaders and Mr. Strauss himself, necessarily antagonized and inflamed even many previously sympathetic Senators. While it was demanded that the critics of Mr. Strauss behave in a responsible, non-partisan fashion, they were themselves attacked in the most irresponsible and partisan terms.

The case against Mr. Strauss was not, of course, proved; neither was it disproved, nor even properly considered. Had it been considered, it seems likely that he would have been confirmed. This is the irony and the pity—that Mr. Strauss would probably be a Cabinet member today if it were not for the recent words and actions of his friend Mr. Eisenhower, his most ardent supporters and, not least, Mr. Strauss himself.

RIOTING IN KERALA

KERALA is the only state in India in which the Communists control the local government. In an article called "Threat to Religious Schools" which appeared in our issue for Sept. 13, 1957, K. K. Jacob described the growing resistance to the legislative attempts by the Communists to cripple or control private schools, particularly those under religious auspices, advanced under the guise of "educational reform." For the first time since they came to power, Mr. Jacob wrote, "The Communists are facing the organized opposition of a people determined to protect their rights and liberties whatever the cost."

That cost is already high, and during recent weeks the situation has grown markedly worse. Convinced that the Communists could not now win a popular election, anti-Communist religious and political leaders have launched a campaign of civil disobedience in an effort to force the resignation of the Communist regime. As part of this campaign, the privately operated schools have protested the government's education policies by refusing to open. Despite the pleas of religious leaders for non-violence, at least ten persons have been killed and scores have been injured in anti-government rioting. The Communist regime has announced that force will be used to keep the private schools open, and newspaper reports say it is forming "home-guard forces," which foes of the government describe simply as pro-Communist strong-arm squads.

There matters stand at this writing. Prime Minister Nehru is said to be on his way to Kerala in an effort to end the violence, but no one can say how much influence he will have on the situation, and the prospects are not good. It can only be hoped that world-wide attention will force the regime to behave more cautiously and that the next election will mean the end of Communist rule in Kerala.

GENERALS ON THE PAYROLL

EVER SINCE HIS entry into politics, President Eisenhower has striven mightily to avoid indulging in what he calls "personalities." This fact only made his recent angry remarks about what he termed the "munitions lobby" that much more striking and made almost certain a full-scale Congressional investigation.

If such an inquiry does in fact take place, the focus of attention will be on the relationship between the Pentagon and military contractors who make a practice of hiring retired generals and admirals, and on the role of these officers in securing defense contracts. Along these lines, Senator Paul H. Douglas of Illinois has already made public a list of more than seven hundred high-ranking re-

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tired officers who are employed by the nation's one hundred largest defense contractors. It can be expected that more disclosures of this nature will be made in the weeks ahead.

In view of President Eisenhower's specific endorsement of the idea, it is unlikely that anyone will challenge the right of Congress to make such an investigation. But, because of the tremendous importance and explosive potential of the subject matter, Congressional investigators should proceed most judiciously. Unfair influence or improper tactics in securing contracts cannot be tolerated, but no one should imagine that the mere presence of retired officers on a firm's payroll proves anything one way or another. Like many another Congressional investigation, this one could do violence to the public interest unless it is carried out fairly and without hysteria.

EQUAL TIME

SECTION 315 of the Federal Communications Act specifies that a radio or T.V. station which permits a political candidate to use its facilities must provide "equal opportunities to all other candidates for the same office." We do not see how this provision can be interpreted by the Federal Communications Commission to mean that T.V. newscasts cannot show a public official in the normal course of his duties unless the station also provides equal time for his opponents. Yet this is precisely the position the F.C.C. originally took and has now reaffirmed in the Lar Daly case.

As we noted in our April 3 issue, we agree with President Eisenhower's characterization of that decision as "ridiculous." What we did not agree with then, and remain unconvinced of now, is the idea that a ridiculous decision requires a substantial revision of the "equal time" provision of the Federal Communications Act.

We advance these doubts, we should say, with considerable hesitation, because we seem to be quite alone in holding them, and because a tremendous number of respected editorialists are on the other side of the fence. Nonetheless, we still have them. When the original decision was handed down, we felt sure that sober second thoughts would prompt the F.C.C. to reverse itself in the Lar Daly case. Now that the Commission has stuck to its guns, reaffirming that decision and calling for a change in the law, we suppose some amendment to Section 315 is inevitable and indeed necessary. What we do not like is any change that would weaken the theory behind the "equal time" provision.

To Our Subscribers

In line with the practice of many other magazines, The Commonweal will appear on alternate weeks during July and August. Forthcoming issues will be dated as follows: July 17, July 31, August 14, August 28.

The normal weekly printing schedule will be resumed in September. Subscriptions will be automatically extended for four issues.

WHOSE MAN IN HAVANA?

WE HAVE MORE than once found occasion to reflect with wry amusement—and agreement—on the adage which runs "I can take care of my enemies; just protect me from my friends." But there is another side to this coin. There are times when a man may find it peculiarly difficult to protect himself from his enemies—for they may decide to like him.

Although Graham Greene may feel no need to protect himself from Communist praise, these reflections were prompted by the treatment accorded his last novel, *Our Man in Havana.* A Moscow weekly praised the book and even raised questions about Greene's Catholicism. This is not surprising. Anything is grist for the Communists' mill: whatever they can exploit they will, even *Our Man in Havana.*

What is surprising is the serious and almost respectful attention which was paid to the Soviet review by people who think of themselves as strongly anti-Communist. Ordinarily prepared to dismiss out of hand the nonsense which usually passes for criticism in Russia, they suddenly acted as if this particular Moscow reviewer had acute insight. The result? They ask that Mr. Greene make outright declarations about his politics and his religion, that he openly and publicly declare that the imputations of the Communist critic are false. Meanwhile, they are eager to scrutinize the reception given the movie version of the novel when it appears on the American screen. If we can presume to follow the line of reasoning these people use, the "proper" attitude will be to recognize at the outset the subversive aspects of the picture. And if a Communist critic likes it, maybe even Alec Guinness, the star of the picture, should be asked to declare himself.

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The U.S. and the U.S.S.R.

Profile of Power

A meaningful evaluation of Soviet strength must be related to that of the Western world

by JOSEF KORBEL

TO READ the contradictory pronouncements so frequently made about the strength of today's two great antagonists, the democratic and the Communist worlds, is a bewildering experience. General Maxwell D. Taylor, for example, recently assured the Subcommittee for Defense of the House Appropriations Committee that the American aggregate striking force was "excessive to the requirements." Admiral Arleigh A. Burke, Chief of Naval Operations, stated on the same occasion that we can "break her neck" because "what we have is the capability to destroy Russia no matter what she does." Yet the man who is in charge of the Strategic Air Force, General Thomas S. Power, while asserting that we now have an adequate "margin of deterrence," expresses anxiety about the number of bombers and missiles in his arsenal and declares, "I want more and I want it faster."

On the other side of the fence, Nikita Khrushchev threatens, in varied tones and versions, to "bury" the capitalist world and discloses to the Party Congress that the intercontinental missile, beside which other weapons pale into insignificance, is in "serial production" in Russia.

If the American people are presented with such a confusing array of facts and estimates about their own country, how infinitely more difficult it is for them to assess the strength of the enemy. As dangerous as it is to underestimate the power of the Soviet Union, it is also damaging to American policy to overestimate it. Yet we have so little reliable information that an error in either direction is possible.

A meaningful evaluation of Soviet power must, of course, be related to the power of the Western world. And it must be measured not in military terms alone, for the real strength of a country is the sum product of such factors as the guiding ideas for which it stands, the active population, the economic foundation which determines its capacity, the technology which insures its quality, and, not least, its approach to international problems, itself a power factor of significant importance.

Mr. Korbel is professor of international relations and a staff member of the Social Science Foundation, University of Denver.

SOME TWENTY years ago Winston Churchill stated that "Russia is a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." The phrase, then indicative of the lack of any systematic study of the Soviet Union, is not applicable today. In spite of the secretive nature of the Soviet system which does not operate, as democracies do, under the compelling pressures and controls of public opinion, the analysis of available information permits a considerable reduction of errors in the assessment of Soviet power. We can now make educated speculations.

To begin with, one must recognize the receding appeal of Communism to the masses. After the October Revolution and in the early nineteen twenties, the Communist parties in Europe were able at a moment's notice from Moscow to lead workers into strikes and cripple a nation's economy; they could and did prevent shipments of arms; they paralyzed the constructive work of governments. Today, the Communist Party of West Germany and England is practically non-existent; in France, it has not yet recovered from the paralyzing defeat of last year; in Italy, it suffers from stagnation; in the United States, it is at its lowest ebb.

Even in Asia the overt threat of militant Communism has slackened. *Huks* in the Philippines were liquidated, Communist bands in Malaya were dispersed, the influence of the Communist Party of Indonesia seems to be under control, and the governments of Burma, Laos and Cambodia have been to some extent relieved of Communist disruptions. There is, of course,

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the bloody thrust against the Tibetans, but this must have left a deep scurf on the previous image the Asians had of Communism. Even the continuing serious developments in Iraq may have some salutary effects upon some gullible Arab leaders.

If Communism now fails to rally broad masses behind it, it has not therefore discarded tested weapons of subversion, sabotage, espionage and infiltration. Nor does this, on the other hand, imply that the people of these areas have revived their faith in Western-style democracy. True, in the United States, Canada, and Western Europe the developments of the last ten years are encouraging, as is the recent trend toward democracy in Latin America. However, in the Middle East, South Asia and the Far East the forces of freedom have been in retreat and only the governments of India, Indonesia, the Philippines and Japan have escaped the clutches of one-party or military dictatorship.

In the sphere of ideologies, there are, then, both promising and disturbing signs; both invite a long-term imaginative and dynamic policy on the part of the West.

OTHER FACTORS which must be considered in any measurement of relative power are less intangible. For example, the Western world of 840 million people faces 960 millions of the Communist bloc and the rate of growth of population favors the latter. In terms of power, however, these absolute figures are misleading. On one hand, the regimented Communist system allows for higher exertion of the populace in production and for a state-directed use of manpower. On the other, people living in freedom have manifested a greater capability for supreme efforts in times of crisis. Past experience also testifies that there is in dictatorships an inherent potential for deep discontent. This internal weakness of the Communist bloc is meaningful, however, only to the extent to which the West is capable of exploiting it.

Both camps have ample reserves of coal, iron ore, and oil, the prerequisite for a country's industrial and military posture, although some political geographers believe that in the long run Russia may lack for oil; both possess large deposits of uranium but depend, to varying degrees, on the importing of such important industrial ingredients as copper, lead, zinc, molybdenum, tungsten and natural rubber.

As important as natural resources is the use to which they are put. Nobody disputes today the enormous strides which the Soviet Union has made in the last two decades and this in spite of the devastations of the war. Yet American production is still markedly ahead. Also, we remained considerably below our productive capacity while one may surmise that the Soviet Union worked at full blast. Further, when one adds to the Soviet and American basic production that of their respective allies, the results are still more comforting to the Western world. In 1957 the Communist bloc produced 76 million tons of steel as against 221 million tons produced by the United States and her allies; in coal the figures are 716 and 1059.2 million tons respectively; in electricity power 325.5 and 1319.4 billion k.w.h.

At this point, however, any feelings of self-satisfaction we may have must be brought to a halt, for one further comparison is seriously foreboding. This is the rate of growth of the two economies, which points to a closing gap between the two systems. The economies of America and Western Europe in the period between 1950-1955 grew at a pace of four per cent a year. The Soviet rate was seven per cent. In 1950 the Soviet gross national product was only thirty-three per cent of that of the United States; last year it was forty-five per cent. The Seven Year Plan, to be completed by 1965, heralds an economic expansion which, if successful, means that by 1970 Soviet production will surpass American production.

The decisive factor in evaluating Soviet economic power is in its distribution of production. The democratic nations consume a major part of their national wealth in good living, mortgaging their security, while the Communist bloc continues to channel its wealth into heavy industry and military strength. The inevitable result is that the present tenuous balance of power will in the future tip perilously toward Communist superiority.

THE MILITARY picture is blurred by a scarcity of information about the armament of the Communist bloc. In addition, military experts differ sharply in the estimates of effectiveness of some weapons in the event of atomic warfare. The whole Communist bloc is believed to have close to eight million men under arms; the NATO forces, not quite six million men. However, the prospect of nuclear warfare, in which conventional tactical weapons are replaced by atomic weapons, has to some extent deprived these figures of their former meaning. Even so, some experts have expressed a grave view over the quality of American equipment which, they maintain, is surpassed by similar equipment used by the Soviet Army.

The United States enjoys material superiority over the Soviet Union in naval forces, both in numbers and quality. However, the submarine, because of the high vulnerability of other missile-firing bases, assumes special importance, and in this field the Soviets have by far surpassed the American submarine fleet. Against one hundred ten U.S. submarines at the beginning of 1958 the Russians had four hundred seventy-five. Recent information points to intense Soviet effort to equip them with nuclear engines. The United States has three nuclear-powered submarines on active duty and six-

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teen more under construction. Before the end of the year, the U.S. Navy will probably receive the first Polaris-firing submarine with ballistic missiles of 1,200 miles range; more of them will be coming the following year. These facts assume greater importance when one realizes that some experts believe missile-equipped submarines to be the undefeatable and highly mobile military arm of the future.

As to air force, the United States with some 37,000 aircraft has a safe lead over the estimated 20,000 piloted Soviet planes. However, this quantitative comparison may lead to false optimism. The American figure includes aircraft of all types, and many of them are considered obsolete. A slowdown in Soviet production appears to confirm the widespread view that only a certain number of bombers is needed to obliterate an enemy country.

The United States has five to six hundred heavy bombers as against one hundred Russian. However, the critics of the American military policy of putting extreme emphasis on aerial bombing stress the vulnerability of air bases and point to the high quality of the Soviet radar system and effective air defenses. They are sharply critical of our "missile gap."

IN THE FIELD of missiles, testimonies and judgments clash and becloud the arena of the Soviet-American race for supremacy. Both sides have short and intermediate range weapons of this kind, but the Soviets lead in numbers and their launching sites can be more easily hidden than can, for example, American bases in Great Britain. In intercontinental ballistic missiles, the ICBM, the United States is behind Russia, mainly because of a belated recognition by American planners of the decisive importance of this powerful weapon.

The Joint Chiefs of Staff are satisfied that the aggregate retaliatory power of the United States, composed of bombers and missiles, is more than adequate to maintain the "balance of terror," that it is, in fact, in excess of these requirements. This may be true today. But a large question mark hangs over the future.

There is, too, a grave concern over American ability to handle and win limited wars, the brush fires, since we are far behind in manpower, and since our forces are spread thin over many areas overseas. This unevenness limits, to the point of possible defeats in local wars, our choice of weapons and imperils greatly our political resistance to Soviet chosen local pressures. Yet, it is area crises and area wars which the Western world will most probably continue to face.

All of these observations have many ramifications, and clearly a more reliable picture of the Soviet-American armament race would require many detailed qualifications. All in all, however, one may surmise that the Soviet Union, aware of American retaliatory power, would not unleash a deliberate nuclear attack. Rather, it may encourage and support local wars, preferably without direct participation, for which the United States is not adequately prepared.

The Soviet Union will, of course, pursue the cold war for the simple reason that it is winning it. For that purpose it uses elements of power which are relatively new in nature and in scope. It is the power of propaganda and economic assistance. The sadness of America's continuing defeats in this battle is underlined by the fact that it is we who stand for freedom against tyranny, and that the Soviet Union's economic assistance so far has been negligible by comparison with that of the United States.

The explanation for our failure to match Soviet propaganda lies in the fact that we continue to underestimate the importance of this most effective weapon in the cold war, as has been repeatedly manifested by such facts as our totally inadequate appropriations for information services. As to our foreign aid programs, their powerful impact in some areas has been offset by our constant emphasis on military aid which, while strengthening one country, estranges another whose friendship we also tried to win by economic assistance. In both fields, our association with the heritage of imperialism has aroused suspicions as to our motives, while Russia, in spite of her long record of expansion and oppression of other nationalities, is not in the eyes of the underdeveloped nations burdened with such "guilt by association." This, of course, is only an additional reason why the United States should redouble its efforts in the areas of information and economic assistance.

THIS is, then, a rough profile of comparative Soviet and American power. Russia is no more "a riddle wrapped in a mystery inside an enigma." Her own deeds and our military intelligence, together with scholarly research, have unwrapped the hidden mysteries. Out of the process there emerges the picture of a giant robot.

Against it, in equally giant proportions, stands the figure of the freedom-loving American. His potentialities and capacities remain considerably greater, but as yet he does not use them fully, nor does he always apply his power to the right purpose. Too often, like a husky boy, he flexes his muscles for the admiration of the main street but is sometimes loathe to employ them for the main street's greatest needs—in this case, its security. He is dimly aware of the enemy but refuses to grow up either to his responsibilities or to the seriousness of the situation and of the times. Meanwhile, as he plays, there can be heard in the distance, and approaching, the metallic rumble of the robot's tread.

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The impact of the angry young men is finally felt in an English movie

A Film in Context

by MARYVONNE BUTCHER

THE BOOKS ONE reads when one is young seem, in an especial way, to yield a store of image and anecdote that recur to enrich and elucidate the more sophisticated and complex situations of later life. We all have our private myths. I had been reminded of late, in casting a professional eye over the contemporary British literary scene, of a story which Cousin Eustace told those lucky children in *Tanglewood Tales:* the story of "The Dragon's Teeth," which describes how Cadmus built his city at the end of the long and hopeless quest for his sister Europa.

I went back to the book to see if the analogy were as apt as I had remembered. "The sun was shining slantwise over the field, and showed all the moist, dark soil, just like any other newly planted piece of ground. All at once, Cadmus fancied he saw something glisten very brightly, first at one spot, then at another, and then at a hundred and a thousand spots altogether." And there it was—as good a description of the emergence of the new young writers in England as one could wish.

After the war, when our sister Europe had indeed been found again (but, alas, how altered), we ourselves seemed to be adrift in a slack tide of fatigue and repetition: nothing very new appeared, nor could we have been equal to it. But in the last five years or so "first at one spot, then at another" in the featureless field of literary output appeared the portents. Sown, indeed, from a kind of dragon's teeth, less baneful than those that Cadmus harvested but no less surprising, came the first novels of Kingsley Amis, John Wain and Iris Murdoch.

Then a year or so later came their second books, which confirmed the promise of their first, and with them two others which boded, in my opinion, slightly less well for the continuing success of their particular kind of novel. One of these was *Room at the Top,* by John Braine. This went considerably further than any others in the cult of the anti-hero and, what is more, passed an undeniable if implicit moral judgment in the course of it. (It is perhaps not altogether irrelevant to recall in this context that Mr. Braine comes from a Yorkshire working-class Catholic family.) The other book was *Felix Walking* by Hilary Ford, which blandly set out to make a mock of the whole genre and succeeded cruelly well.

IT WAS LESS surprising when the next spear points appeared in the field, not of the novel, but of the drama. The first night of "Look Back in Anger" was a landmark for us all, not only for John Osborne who wrote it and Tony Richardson who produced it. The Royal Court Theater has had an impact out of all proportion to its size or the money that backs it, because it has aimed from the first to make a corner for the young and aggressive writers representing, as they so clearly do, the generation that scarcely remembers the war as much more than an inconvenience.

Away down in the bomb-blasted East End, at an even more ramshackle theater and with even less money, Joan Greenwood and Gerry Raffles with their Theater Workshop at Stratford (Chaucer's "Stratford-atte-Bowe," incidentally) staged even more surprising and experimental pieces. Discerning critics here have praised their ensemble—almost Brechtian—playing, and after their appearance for the last three years in the international *Théâtre des Nations* season in Paris the French critics have hailed them as the best English company they have seen.

Even tougher and more committed than the Royal Court playwrights, Brendan Behan with his "Quare Fellow" and "The Hostage" and Shelagh Delany, a nineteen-year-old Manchester factory worker, with her "A Taste of Honey" have already begun to influence their more sophisticated fellow-rebels in Sloane Square: there is no doubt, I think, that the dialogue in "The Long and the Short and the Tall," Willis Hall's excellent play about a patrol isolated in the Malayan jungle, owes a great deal to the kind of icebreaking done by Theater Workshop writers.

All this, as one can appreciate, has been exceedingly fascinating to watch: but where, one asks, has the cinema come in? One would expect the film, the youngest and the least traditional of the arts, to take a leading part in this resurgence of actuality in print or

Miss Butcher is an English film critic who contributes regularly to *Blackfriars,* the London *Tablet* and other British publications.

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on the stage. After all, clever young men the world over gravitate naturally to the cinema, and have for some time. The odd thing has been that for a long time the cinema played no effective part at all; either the clever young men were not thinking along these lines, or else no one was inclined to subsidize them.

IT WAS RATHER discouraging, though, to see all this uprush of crude reality, topical comment and racy speech going on all over the place and never a film to match it. "A Woman in a Dressing Gown" did catch something of the feeling, with its background of sleazy domesticity and the credibility of the office relationship between the husband and his pretty fresh typist. And "Manuela" again caught something of the current style; the tramp-steamer setting, of course, provided a tropical and exotic element, but Trevor Howard, that admirable actor, presented precisely the truth and pain of a middle-aged man caught in the gale of an obsessive desire for a queer, sluttish little girl young enough to be his daughter, and the almost brutally cynical anti-romantic dénouement is typical.

Then, last autumn, came another picture which really made one hope that the cinema had begun to catch up —or at least to catch on. This was Don Chaffey's "The Man Upstairs"; made, clearly, *con amore*. Here at last one had a recognizable, integrated portrayal of a whole set of people whom one can meet any day of the week in London: it is a purely metropolitan picture and an authentic one. The seedy, peeling stucco of the Victorian house whose like can be found all over London, the curious assortment of people who live in it, resentful of their enforced contiguity (for they refuse to make it into a community) are real, and not those over-familiar stereos with which we are too often fobbed off. An unassuming picture, but a good one. At the top of a tall house is a new tenant (Richard Attenborough) who is rapidly becoming a nuisance; he bangs on doors in the middle of the night, needing help which he cannot specify—a black-coated, respectable worker on the surface, but with the surface crumbling. He goes too far with an officious lodger and pushes him in the face; the police are sent for; hysterically, he hurls a constable over the well of the staircase and it looks as though he has killed him.

Now the trouble really does start, for if there is one thing the Londoner knows well, it is that if you touch a policeman, you are in for it. The boy locks himself in and gradually all the resources of police, fire-brigade and even the army (complete with tear-gas) are mobilized to get him out, alive or dead; and the Inspector (Bernard Lee) makes it pretty clear he does not much care which. All the other lodgers are shoved into one room, where they grumble, bicker and argue; nobody will help the boy, and the welfare officer (beautifully played by Donald Houston) is prevented by the police from doing his job; it seems more likely that a corpse will be brought out simply because no one, no one in the world, can get through to the boy in any sense at all.

Then everything is changed by the action of the decent, obstinate little woman on the ground floor who simply refuses to be bounced into acquiescence; who goes up to the boy and gets him out. Dorothy Allison could not be bettered in this part. At the close of this picture one could sit back and think that at last one had seen something of Chesterton's "secret people"; nothing at all had been touched up, and the result was deeply moving and surprisingly satisfying.

But the picture didn't pay, of course, and nothing very similar followed it, unless one can include, as I should like to, a small off-beat film—the last of the genuine Ealing pictures, and the first of its young director, Seth Holt. This was "Nowhere to Go," a beautifully photographed thriller, which began with a breathless, long, silent sequence of a man breaking *into* a jail, and was graced by one of the best and most discreet cool jazz soundtracks I have heard. It was a thriller all right, but basically, like "The Man Upstairs," it was a study in the tragic lack of communication between human beings.

THEN WE WERE GIVEN the film of "Room at the Top," directed by Jack Clayton, whose first full-length picture this incredibly is. It is almost unique, in my experience, in being an adaptation of a novel which is wholly true to its original or, where it diverges, improves: and because the novel was written by a man who felt deeply and knew his setting inside out, the film is equally solid. We see Joe Lampton (Laurence Harvey) on his way from his graceless northern home town, Dufton, to take up another, better job in Warnley, another, better northern town. From the first the northern provincial note is faultless—the factories seen from the windows of the train, the typical station, the buses grinding up the windy hilly streets.

Joe is determined to make good, to get to t'Top both literally and figuratively, for t'Top is Warnley's socially superior district as well as an idea. For Joe, this must include a grade-one girl, Susan Brown (Heather Sears), as well as power, position and a lot of money; and all this to assuage an outsize grudge against life, due partly to being poor and clever, partly to the death of his parents in a futile bombing incident but mostly, as we gradually discover, to the inherent flaw in his character. He does very well in the job; the silly little rich girl becomes quite besotted with him; everything is going very nicely. Then he falls disastrously and genuinely in love with Alice Aisgill, an older, unhappily married woman.

When I heard that Simone Signoret had been cast for this part my heart sank, because it should be as York-

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shire as the rest; but she gives so breathtaking a performance that I cannot now see Alice with any other face, body or voice. We measure Joe through Alice's eyes; it is she who tries to make him true to himself, and it is from the depths of her desolation when everything goes wrong that we get the final moral assessment of Joe's lack of courage and generosity. For that is his real trouble; he lacks generosity of spirit, and almost everybody else in the story is a better creature than he.

This is a highly intelligent, if not very agreeable, film about perfectly real people in the grip of adult emotions and genuine problems, against a background as authentic as wholemeal bread. The people Joe works with—the little girls in his department who think him smashing, the men who slightly mistrust an ambition they sense to be excessive, his indomitable old aunt, the rich industrialists, the sly officials—all these are really the everyday stuff of one side of post-war England. The only characters who seem at all false are the upper-class men and women who irk Joe most, and the note of caricature here is perhaps the result of trying too hard after contrast.

The love scenes between Joe and Alice are fiercely moving; the maturity, what one might call the magnanimity of Simone Signoret's performance, is astounding, and one almost forgets that this is, after all, an adulterous liaison. In the end it is made plain that the wages of sin are the death of the spirit, but one finds it difficult, all the same, to remember that she is part of the sin.

"Room at the Top" is not, of course, for children. It is able to challenge the plays and novels of today on their own ground, and we can be proud of this, as of its technical competence, exceedingly good acting, sustained script and lively dialogue. It is good, finally, to have such a film which is recognizably about the England of today; tougher, more realistic, more actual than anything we have produced for a long time.

STATEHOOD PROS AND CONS

Is Puerto Rico Next?

by EDWARD J. DUNNE

WILL PUERTO RICO be our fifty-first state? Now that Alaska and Hawaii have been admitted to the Union, what are Puerto Rico's chances?

The admission of Alaska and Hawaii to the Union has undoubtedly cleared away many of the obstacles in the path of Puerto Rico's becoming a state when and if it wants to do so. With the admission of Alaska we have abandoned the idea that only contiguous territories could aspire to statehood. With the admission of Hawaii we have abandoned the equally cherished idea that statehood is a privilege to be bestowed exclusively upon territories predominantly Causcasian in race and Anglo-Saxon in background.

Puerto Rico's admission, however, would challenge another hoary concept: that only predominantly English-speaking territories can aspire to statehood. In Puerto Rico's favor is the fact that it is geographically much closer to Washington, D.C., than either Alaska or Hawaii. On the other hand, Puerto Rico, unlike Alaska and Hawaii, is not an incorporated territory of the United States, usually considered the first step towards eventual statehood. Nor are the majority of Puerto Ricans particularly anxious at the present time to assume the obligations that incorporation implies, e.g., federal taxation.

Attitudes toward this question of statehood form an essential part of the platform of each of the island's three political parties. The Popular Democratic Party (sixty-two per cent of the total vote in the 1956 elections), of which Governor Luís Muñoz Marín is founder and authentic spokesman, does not want statehood now or in the foreseeable future. Muñoz Marín, the architect of the Island's present Commonwealth status, wants to see that status continued indefinitely, with the island gradually taking over many of the functions still performed by the federal government, for example, the customs system.

It is, however, difficult to determine exactly what Muñoz Marín's concept of the Commonwealth status really is. In the first place, his own political thinking has changed over the course of the years. When he first organized his party in 1939, he favored eventual independence. But when he is reminded of that fact now, he dismisses it as an "error of youth." Secondly, there is usually a subtle difference of emphasis between

Father Edward J. Dunne is a Redemptorist priest serving in Aguadilla, Puerto Rico.

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what he says in Spanish for home consumption and in English for the benefit of Congress and the Administration in Washington. This much, however, seems fairly certain. The Governor thinks of Puerto Rico as a sovereign state, which of its own free will has associated itself with the United States. He likes to speak of Puerto Rico as a bridge between the U.S. and Latin America, a concept which has greater validity under the present status than it would if Puerto Rico were a state.

As long as Governor Muñoz Marín remains a power, there is little chance of Puerto Rico's seeking statehood, and it seems that he can remain in power as long as he wants. He still enjoys the enthusiastic support of a majority of the voters, particularly among the poorer classes, whose lot he has definitely improved over the past twelve years. Moreover, his opinions are highly regarded among the liberal leaders of Latin America, as well as by the Administration in Washington.

OPPOSING GOVERNOR MARIN is the Statehood-Republican party (twenty-four per cent of the 1956 vote) which is, as its name indicates, solidly for statehood. In this it is supported by *El Mundo,* one of the island's two daily newspapers, and one of the most respected newspapers in all of Latin America. The Republicans, affiliated with the national Republican party in the U.S., are responsible for the "Statehood for Puerto Rico" plank in the national platform. Party leaders, however, are not in agreement as to when Puerto Rico should achieve statehood—right now, in a few years, or in the indefinite future.

Nevertheless, the fate of the Republican party in the 1960 local elections will be the key to the whole statehood question for years to come. Completely discredited in 1940 as the major party in a despised coalition government which preceded Muñoz Marín's Popular Democratic Party, the Republicans made a solid and unexpected comeback in 1956. Of course, no one expects the Republicans to win the 1960 elections (too many people still suspect the old-time Republican leadership) but sizable gains would serve to establish the party as an effective opposition and to emphasize a growing interest in eventual statehood for the island.

The Republicans attack Governor Marín's pet concept of Puerto Rico as a sovereign state freely associated with the United States. They point out very cogently that under the status quo Puerto Rico is not a sovereign state and that its citizens are nothing more than second-class Americans. Moreover, the people of Puerto Rico have never been given the opportunity in a plebiscite to express officially their opinion on the final status of the island, the present condition, statehood or independence.

The Independence Party, smallest of the three local parties (thirteen per cent of the 1956 vote) is for the complete independence of the island. Formed before the 1948 elections by a group of independence-minded Popular Democrats, the Independence party reached its high water mark in the 1952 elections but has declined steadily since then. Internal dissent and a negative approach to current problems have robbed the party of whatever influence it may have had with the voters. Before the 1956 elections there was a strong rumor to the effect that the Republicans and "Independentistas" would form a coalition government with the promise of holding a plebiscite by 1960 to determine the final status of the island. But nothing came of it and I doubt now that the Republicans would be interested in coalition with a party most observers feel has no future.

What are the facts on the plebiscite? The Republicans are correct in saying that no plebiscite has ever been held. The Governor, on the other hand, considers a plebiscite unnecessary. He claims that the voters had ample opportunity in the 1956 elections to indicate their choice for permanent status since each party made its "status plank" a major part of its campaign.

But many people (how many we have no way of determining) voted for a particular party without necessarily accepting that party's view on final status. The voting in connection with the establishment of the present Commonwealth status proves the point. The Commonwealth was established on July 25, 1952, and previous to its establishment, the voters had three separate opportunities to express their opinion. The voting in two referendums was strictly along party lines; and in the election of delegates to the Constitutional Convention it would have been along party lines except that the Independence Party refused to nominate delegates and asked its followers either not to vote or to void their ballots.

What would happen if a statehood plebiscite were held, say, next year? I believe that voting would be strictly along party lines, and that therefore the Governor could count on about sixty per cent of the vote favoring permanent continuation of the Commonwealth. Then why is he opposed to a plebiscite? The only sensible answer I have been able to uncover so far is that he does not want to be tied down to a permanent mandate but wishes to be free to work for whatever status best serves the interests of the island at any given moment.

IF THE FIRST question, "Does Puerto Rico want statehood?" is intimately bound up with local politics, the second question, "Is Puerto Rico ready for statehood?" is equally bound up with the local economy. And here the answer seems quite clear.

To begin with, agriculture in general and the sugar industry in particular cannot support independence.

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The local sugar producer is already priced out of the world market; under independence, the U.S. tariff would price him out of the American market. Nor is there much chance of substantially reducing his production costs. Mechanized harvesting would gradually reduce costs for those who could mechanize, but a great deal of sugar cane is raised in Puerto Rico on land that is not suited for mechanization. So unless labor in the sugar industry is willing to go back to the starvation wages of the depression, the sugar economy precludes independence.

Tobacco, the third largest agricultural industry, is in much the same position as the sugar industry. Dairy farming, the second largest agricultural industry, serves the local market and would not be involved in the tariff question, but dairy farming is a service industry whose prosperity depends intimately on continued prosperity in the basic industries. A collapse in the basic industries would wipe out the market for dairy products. Statehood, on the other hand, would cause no harm and would probably bring extra help to agriculture by giving the island a more direct voice in setting the sugar quotas, and by letting the island participate more fully in agricultural price-support programs.

Manufacturing, which now exceeds agriculture in contributing to the gross insular income, could not survive under either statehood or independence. Manufacturing survives in Puerto Rico due to a combination of three factors: a lower wage scale than that prevailing on the mainland, tariff-free entrance to American markets, and (in the case of industries established under the auspices of Operation Bootstrap) a ten-year exemption from local taxes.

A wage scale lower than that prevailing in the continental U.S. is an economic fact of life that we have to accept in Puerto Rico. Responsible labor leaders, such as David Dubinsky, whose I.L.G.W.U. is one of the largest and most powerful unions on the island, understand that prosperity in Puerto Rico depends on that fact. Jimmy Hoffa, on the other hand, in an all-out effort to organize the teamsters on the island, is promising them a wage scale equal to that prevailing in the United States. Except for wages, it must be remembered, all production costs in Puerto Rico (freight, power, maintenance, supervision) are higher than in the United States, and without a lower wage scale to compensate for these additional costs, most articles produced in Puerto Rico would be priced right out of the American market. Statehood would bring the blanket application of the U.S. Minimum Wage law to all industries in Puerto Rico, with clearly disastrous consequences.

What the full application of the Federal Minimum Wage law would do to the manufacturing economy under statehood, the U.S. tariff would do to it under independence. Much of Puerto Rico's manufacturing is in direct competition with countries such as Japan, the Philippine Islands and other countries where the wage scale is much lower than it is in Puerto Rico. The one factor which permits the island to compete on the American market with these other countries is the tariff-free entrance of Puerto Rican products to the United States.

THE WHOLE tax situation is the final reason precluding either statehood or independence in the foreseeable future. With the exception of federal employees in Puerto Rico who are obliged to pay federal income taxes, and federal customs or tariffs on goods coming into the island from foreign countries, Puerto Rico pays no federal taxes. Moreover, the federal excise tax paid on every bottle of Puerto Rican rum sold in the United States is returned not to Washington but to San Juan. In addition, Puerto Rico receives about seventy-seven million dollars a year in federal aid, although the U.S. government receives about the same sum, mostly in indirect taxes, on goods sold in Puerto Rico. The insular government has also such tax sources as a government operated lottery, legalized on- and off-track betting, and gambling casinos in the tourist hotels. Yet local taxes alone are almost as high as are the combined federal and state taxes in most of the states in the Union.

Statehood-Republicans, of course, try to prove that taxation under statehood would not be substantially higher than it is now. Admittedly, Puerto Rico would receive much more in federal aid than it would pay in federal taxes under statehood; admittedly, too, federal aid to programs now carried on by the local government would be substantial. Still, it is difficult to see how statehood would bring a wholesale reduction in local taxes, since the state government would still have to support most of the services the insular government now supports. Statehood would also nullify to a great degree the expansion of Operation Bootstrap by nullifying the advantage of the present, ten-year local tax exemption.

Under independence the situation would be even worse because there would be no federal aid at all (except for a small amount of foreign aid) and there would be the added burdens of a diplomatic and military budget. And, judging from other Caribbean countries, local tariffs would drastically reduce, if they would not practically ruin, the local market for consumer goods.

Thus the local political situation and the local economic situation combine to make statehood or independence equally impossible for the island of Puerto Rico. There is no doubt that at some future date Puerto Rico will indeed become a state. But as for the island's soon becoming a state, the Union's fifty-first, there is no immediate prospect of it.

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TWO VIEWS OF AMERICA

THE APPEARANCE of Richard Rovere's book *Senator Joe McCarthy* will inevitably open up some barely healed wounds. Though the dizzy days when the late Senator dominated the headlines are behind us, the name of Joe McCarthy still arouses furious partisanship among Americans.

Millions are now soundly persuaded that McCarthy was a menace to free government and free institutions. Obviously, I would include myself among them. Others sincerely breathe the name like a prayer. For them, Joe McCarthy was a servant of the people without parallel in modern times, a scourge of the nation's enemies, and finally a martyr hounded to death by those who hated the decent things he stood for. Nothing can blur the hero-martyr image of McCarthy which they will forever cherish. No recital of facts about the McCarthy crusade can unsettle their loyalty. The harsh judgments found in Rovere's book will only intensify their devotion to his memory.

In this diverse reaction to the very name of McCarthy one can find a double significance. First, there is the difference between two understandings of what democratic government and the free society of America are all about. Clearly, these understandings vary sharply, for while all that came to be known as McCarthyism struck many Americans as the very antithesis of our national ideal, others regarded it as the noblest expression of this same ideal. "McCarthyism is Americanism," was a well-used slogan during the period, and—as Rovere reminds us—there were people who proudly wore buttons saying, "I like McCarthy's methods."

The second significance of the McCarthy movement lies in what its history has to tell us about devotion to the national ideals. It is on the whole, I would say, a pretty sorry story. For the fact is that all kinds of people succumbed to McCarthyism, not out of admiration and agreement—like those hardy followers of his who are still willing to stand up and be counted for him—but out of fear, cowardice, complacency or indifference.

That President Eisenhower deleted a favorable reference to General Marshall in a campaign speech is well known. But the President is not alone in his embarrassment. Politicians in both parties stood in terror of what might happen to them if they spoke about him publicly the way they did privately. Many heads of academic institutions, clergymen, editors and organization leaders were just as scared. Some of them stood on their heads in order to avoid any possibility of being tarred with his red brush, not hesitating to betray friends, subordinates, and cherished principles as well.

Others struck the pose of lofty middle-of-the-roaders; they prided themselves at the time on avoiding the twin extremes of McCarthyism and anti-McCarthyism. They chose to be above the battle, as if it did not concern them. I think less of these people than of any other group in the McCarthy drama. The nation could have perished while they tended their gardens.

Richard Rovere's book, which is reportorial and impressionistic, will not be the last study of Senator McCarthy and what he and his crusade meant. Given more time, one can await a less partisan judgment.

I wonder what a detached scholar, decades hence, will learn from a study of the McCarthy era. I suspect that this basic difference about the meaning of America will be the foremost lesson.

It is not just a matter of being liberal or conservative, to employ the usual vocabulary. Liberal and conservative may describe habits of mind and of temperament. But I think it runs deeper than that. I would like to know what the real differences are. I would like to know why my idea of what America stands for, which I rarely even questioned until the McCarthy period, should have seemed so debatable and to some even radical when it was invoked in the early 1950's.

Why did such an ancient principle as innocence-must-be-presumed-and-guilt-must-be-proved seem worthy of prolonged debate? Why did Congressional-hearing behavior that to me was patently outrageous seem perfectly proper and even admirable to people who have the same background I have? Why did I believe that blacklisting people from jobs and depriving them of the means to earn their livelihood was horrendous, while others found nothing reprehensible in the practice? Why did firing a man without giving him a chance to answer secret charges against him seem obviously unjust and unfair to me and quite proper to others?

All I can conclude is that there must be two ideas of what the United States is all about and that in my education I learned only one of them. But though I search the American patriotic scriptures I can find no justification for the other.

This, considering the whole McCarthy story, is what continues to baffle me. If the traditional view of American democracy did not have a hold on the loudest "patriots" in the land, what view of democracy did motivate them? Was it sheer populism? Was it some kind of radical "neo-conservatism"? Was it a purely visceral reaction to a strong man? I do not know. I would like to know. Most of all, I would like to know why the wholesale departure from American tradition should have been called conservatism and its defense regarded as radical.

JOHN COGLEY

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THE SCREEN

BLOCK THAT CLICHE

WATCHING "The Horse Soldiers," one has a feeling of having seen all this before. It is 1863. Grant is stymied at Vicksburg—"With less men and less resources, the South is whipping us." So the General dispatches Col. John Wayne deep into enemy territory to cut Vicksburg's supply line by destroying the rail head at Newton Station. Wayne is tough and not at all happy when Surgeon Major William Holden is assigned to his small brigade of Union cavalry for the raid. The colonel doesn't think highly of military doctors who assert their authority but carry no guns. Wayne and Holden argue continuously and even resort to fisticuffs, but both men do their jobs well. Hard-boiled Wayne leads his horse soldiers, tears up the tracks at Newton Station and even forces a Southern belle (Constance Towers), who learns of their plans, to accompany them on the dangerous mission. And soft-boiled Holden patches up the wounded and proves no less a hero.

What mainly makes "The Horse Soldiers" better than most of the war-is-adventure movies is that it was directed by John Ford. The first part of the picture moves rather slowly in setting the stage; it even has exposition with maps—to which I'd advise your paying attention so you have some idea of the distances traveled by these horse soldiers in going from La Grange, Tenn., to Newton Station, Miss., and then escaping to Baton Rouge, La. But once the excitement starts, it swings high, wide and handsome with tense fighting in forays, battle scenes on a grand scale and enough intimate human sequences to keep the film from becoming too impersonal. The acting is not particularly outstanding, but the production itself, by John Lee Mahin and Martin Rackin, who also wrote the script from Harold Sinclair's novel, is stunning. Most of the scenes were shot outdoors and John Ford directs his color cameras expertly to convey a feeling of place and atmosphere of imminent danger. His picture is not without sentiment of course—as in the death scene of the Southern belle's faithful Negro maidservant (Althea Gibson) or in the stirring charge of the youngsters from Jefferson Military Academy against the Yankee raiders. Audiences young and old, North and South, should find "The Horse Soldiers" an interesting and moving tribute.

MOVIEGOERS who go for the out-of-doors and landscapes in CinemaScope and color should find the photography in "This Earth Is Mine" to their liking. The picture has beautiful shots of the vineyards in California; but unfortunately it also has a story—one of the silliest to turn up in a movie in a long time. It stems from Alice Tisdale Hobart's novel, *The Cup and the Sword,* and concerns a family who own the largest vineyard in the world but who are having financial troubles because the year is 1932 and Prohibition has reduced the patriarch (Claude Rains) to selling grapes and bottling religious wine. His illegitimate grandson (Rock Hudson) wants to make a deal with Eastern gangsters. But this is only the beginning of their problems; and while the good cast (which also includes Dorothy McGuire, Kent Smith, Anna Lee, Jean Simmons, Cindy Robbins and many others) struggle manfully with the many complications of this mixed-up family, they don't make much sense. Perhaps it all should have been called "There's Many a Slip."

ALTHOUGH most of the scenery in "Watusi" looks studio-made, this sequel to "King Solomon's Mines" has enough adventure and excitement to hold young audiences and perhaps even adults who just can't resist another whack at H. Rider Haggard. In this version the son (George Montgomery) of Alan Quartermain returns to the Dark Continent to follow in the footsteps of his father who made the famous trek to the mines in the earlier film. Young Quartermain and a hunter friend (David Farrar) save a missionary's daughter (Taina Elg) from natives and take her along on the safari, a trip beset with all the dangers and inconveniences of the jungle, including fever, snakes, stampeding animals and more savages. Some of the shots look suspiciously as if they were left over from the first film, but Haggard enthusiasts won't mind. No doubt some of California looks like some of Africa; and the seven-foot Watusi tribesmen in costume are always exciting to look at no matter what green hills are in the background. PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

COMMUNICATIONS

"THEOLOGY FOR EVERYONE"

Notre Dame, Ind.

TO THE EDITORS: I am grieved at Mr. Cogley's self-confessed failure to alert modern theologians to confront modern problems significantly and creatively ["Theology for Everyone," June 12]. But he probably knows that theologians are a singularly stolid group and not easily amenable to voices that speak—however intelligently or relevantly—from the vantage point of reality. On the other hand, he probably knows that, in other lands at least, there are individual theologians who have shown and are showing (frequently at a great personal price) how their discipline does have bearing on modern problems.

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I should like to encourage Mr. Cogley to carry on his worthy crusade—however foolhardy and lonely it may appear to him. In the long-range view, such folly is almost certain to bear fruit. I should like, also, to express my agreement with several points he made in his column: for example, those relating to the distinction between morality and theology, the pre-eminent position theology ought to (and does not) occupy in the universities, the relationship between theology and other disciplines and the coincidence of relevance and truth. They strike me as sound insights. I should like, finally, to add a remark or two of my own.

The problem of the present state of theology in America is a complicated one. I am not sure that its greatest task consists "in relating the truths of faith to the concerns which actually exist in modern society"—although I do agree that this is one of its very important, and indeed central tasks. It seems to me there is a deeper aspect to the question. Theology must come to terms with itself before it can relate itself to a constellation of values. And in this respect it must subject itself to a serious historical analysis. When I finished my own theological studies I was asked to do a short impressionistic article under the general title: "Has Theology Let Us Down?" As I tried to formulate my own reactions at that time, I was struck by the fact that much modern theology seemed alienated from its own roots; it seemed a stranger to its own tradition, estranged from itself. In a word, I was struck by a superficiality in the way theology today articulates itself that gave me the frightening impression that it was not taking itself seriously, that it was playing some kind of game that was not really worthwhile, that it was perversely divorced from vital mind activity.

A general historical analysis, it seems to me, helps unravel the paradoxical character of a good deal of theology today. For many centuries—especially in the patristic centuries—theology resembled the inner structure of Revelation itself insofar as it was grounded and enunciated in a context of human relevance. Thus large play was given to the emotive, the symbolic, the will, the fluid, elusive and tragic nature of man as a being-in-the-world. In this it was much like some parallel currents of thinking; for example, the Stoic, Epicurean or Neo-Platonic currents. The vitality of theology was generated by the vitality of the human spirit in its perennial attempt to reach upwards and grapple with the ultimate questions of destiny as they were illuminated by Revelation. The searching open-ended character of the first centuries of theology strike me as being among its outstanding features. It strikes me, further, that this quality is essential to theology and not merely peculiar to the early centuries. It is this quality that is lacking in so much of what we rather uncritically refer to as modern theology. At some point in history—I should be hesitant to say exactly where—theology fell victim to a sterile scientizing tendency; it sought refuge in an abstractive process which liberated it from the necessity of extending and clarifying its own principles and methodeutic in rigorous dialogue with the changing structure of reality. Theology today is not very energetically equipped for the ordering of appetite and emotion, for confronting the chaos of the human personality, for constructing a programmatic capable of generating vigorous mind activity.

I think Mr. Cogley rightly speaks of complacency—although a stronger word might be found—as a primary factor in separating religion from life. Paul Evdokimoff was so concerned about this that he recommended a chair of atheism in theology faculties to make theologians "less gratuitous in their summary affirmations and more sensitive to concrete man." Father Sertillanges, a more moderate but equally strenuous spokesman, indicted theology of the past seven centuries for having *"lazily* and *dogmatically* avoided contact with any renovating crises." And speaking specifically of Thomism, he said: "It will have no future unless it makes some place for uneasiness. Certitude has done it too much harm." The central theological question for Newman, and I suppose he is our greatest creative theologian of the past four centuries, was always to ask how the Church, at any given moment, was meaningfully related to its time; in other words, how validly it proclaimed the Christian message. Mr. Cogley may find some solace in knowing that Newman, too, waged a one-man crusade for the relevance of theology. Theology must confront, Newman saw so well, the living and not the dead.

The special deadness of Catholic theology in America is a weakness that ought to concern all thinking Christians. Sometimes I feel that one could scarcely be too outspoken in urging theologians to take up the burden of their indispensable mission. Yet in that direction lie great dangers. How carefully one must tread. How "prudent" one must be. How ambivalent is the role of the theological gadfly. There is some hope in that American theologians may catch the spark from their brothers abroad and even from their Protestant brothers at home. I should like to cite two recent works that appear to me to be fine examples of theology taking itself seriously: Paul Tillich's *Theology of Culture* and Hans Urs von Balthasar's *Science, Religion and Christianity*. And not least of all one must hope, as I certainly do, that John Cogley's honest stirring of the waters will not be the failure he seems to think it is.

(Rev.) BERNARD MURCHLAND, C.S.C.

"LUCE vs. MORSE"

Camden, Me.

TO THE EDITORS: Concerning your very interesting editorial on the Luce vs. Morse episode and

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the able Mr. Cogley's "The Lady and the Senator" [May 15], I wish to draw attention to one phase that has been completely ignored by both of you.

In the New York *Herald-Tribune* of April 30 an article by Rowland Evans, Jr., reported that at a secret session of the Foreign Relations Committee on March 3, it was Senator Morse who personally moved that Clare Booth Luce be confirmed as Ambassador to Brazil and that his motion was adopted overwhelmingly. This had followed the question, raised in the customary manner by chairman Senator Fulbright, as to whether there should be a public hearing on Mrs. Luce. The unanimous consensus was that there should not and, following a brief discussion, Morse moved for approval and was seconded by Senator Mansfield. That would have settled the matter had it not been for the six-day rule, authorized by Senator Wiley in 1953, on the theory that it can take that long for the committee to receive and dissect opposition to ambassadorial appointments. In the interim the full impact of the unfortunate article in *Time* on Bolivia was felt in the riots at La Paz and outside sources brought fresh questions to Morse, who then moved to re-open the entire matter and to have the customary public hearing. This indicates clearly that Morse originally was not opposed to Mrs. Luce and that matters subsequently brought to his attention must have been serious enough to cause his reversal.

The excesses indulged in by both sides at and after the public hearing were most reprehensible but since so much has been said in extenuation of the Luce vituperations, in fairness must we not concede that Morse also is human? Perhaps his unpopularity stems chiefly from his courage in swimming against the tide for a conviction, a virtue unfortunately lacking in so many of his colleagues. . . . E. J. CORNELIS.

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO THE EDITORS: You write in your May 15 issue under the heading "Luce vs. Morse": ". . . Mrs. Luce suffered in her person . . . Senator Morse suffered personal hurt . . . the dignity and prestige of the Senate have been grievously impaired . . . the wisdom of Mrs. Luce's appointment might properly be questioned on the basis of her public record of performance but such a discussion was never achieved . . . the opposition led by Senator Morse degenerated into irrelevancies."

A reading of Senator Morse's speech (*Congressional Record,* April 27, p. 6081) shows that you are incorrect on every point.

Firstly, Senator Morse took great pains to point out that he was carrying out his constitutional duty to the Senate in examining Mrs. Luce's qualifications. Examination of Mrs. Luce's record disclosed serious questions of her fitness. As ambassador to Italy, she intervened publicly in Italian presidential campaigns and Italian oil policies. Would such lack of discretion be desirable in a Brazilian ambassador?

Mrs. Luce was to have replaced Ellis Briggs, career ambassador to Brazil, apparently in reward for $29,000 campaign contributions to the 1956 Republican campaign funds. Briggs, popular in Brazil, speaks Spanish and Portuguese. He received no notice of being replaced. Would the political appointment of Mrs. Luce have a desirable effect on our foreign career service?

Mrs. Luce insisted that her 1944 statement that the late President Roosevelt "lied us into war" was substantially correct although unable to offer any documentation. This incident plus the stated reason for her resignation from the Italian embassy—alleged arsenic poisoning from ceiling paint flakes falling into her meals—lead to serious doubts of her stability.

Mrs. Luce never attempted to resolve any of these doubts of her fitness. She chose instead to treat serious questions as personal issues between herself and Senator Morse. SAMUEL SCHIFFER.

"THE MERCURY ASTRONAUTS"

Billings, Mont.

TO THE EDITORS: *Re.* "The Mercury Astronauts" [Apr. 24], it now appears that the human race has completed another circle.

The Ancients—Aztec, Druid, Maya, and scores of others—in olden "uncivilized" times yearly selected one of their handsomest, most favored young men as their Man of the Year, and for a whole year nothing was too good for him. He really lived it up with the choicest entertainment, foods, shelter, etc., at his disposal. At the end of his year, they ceremoniously dispatched him off to the Sun—or other expectant Deities—in a manner deemed most pleasing to them, such as by way of having his heart torn from his living body and burned on the High Priest's altar.

Now, in our more "enlightened" and "Christian" civilization, we have selected not one but seven of our most favored sons, to live it up until 1961, with the pleasantly announced expectation of then being called before the High Priests of the Pentagon, who will then choose one of the seven and scientifically dispatch the lucky fellow off into outer space.

Just one more religious rite in mankind's march toward perfection. WILLARD E. FRASER.

"COMMUNISM IN THE MIDDLE EAST"

Greenbelt, Md.

TO THE EDITORS: In his article "Communism in the Middle East" in your June 5 issue, James Picton claims that "without the whipping-boy of West-

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ern imperialism and Zionism, Communism's days in the Middle East would be numbered." From this it would appear that unless Western imperialism and Zionism appear together in any part of the world, Communism has no chance—a statement which is obviously absurd, as Communism has unfortunately made inroads in many parts of Asia and Africa where Zionism is not even known.

Later in the same article Mr. Picton claims that Nasser is genuinely a spokesman of the masses and of the middle classes. Is your correspondent not aware that in recent months responsible Arab leaders in Lebanon, Jordan, Sudan and Tunisia have all raised cries of alarm and indignation at Nasser's encroachments on their independence? Indeed, during the past two years the governments of Lebanon, Jordan and Sudan have all complained to the United Nations against Nasser's imperialistic ambitions against their own independence.

Communism is indeed a danger in the Middle East, as it is a danger everywhere else in the world, but the way to combat Communism in this region is not to give way to President Nasser, who, after all, was the first Middle Eastern leader to invite Soviet intervention into the Middle East and the man who today opposes Communism in Egypt and Syria merely because he opposes any political opposition in the area of his jurisdiction. He is still receiving and apparently hopes to continue receiving Soviet aid and military support.

ROBERT G. GARIN.

THE STUDY OF ARAMAIC

Chicago, Ill.

TO THE EDITORS: You published some time ago a letter of mine referring to the need for understanding the language of Jesus. Replying to queries on why we should study Aramaic, the vernacular of Jesus, let me point out that without knowing what the words He uttered meant to those who heard them, we miss a great deal of His Gospel.

One example is in the Lord's Prayer. Every child wonders "Why should we ask God not to lead us into temptation? Why would He want to coax us to do wrong?" The Scripture tells us plainly "Let no man say when he is tempted that he is tempted by God; for God is no tempter to evil, and He Himself tempts no man." (James 1;13)

This contradiction is resolved by knowledge that the words of the Lord's Prayer, in Aramaic, mean, not "Lead us not into temptation" but "Bring us not to trial" (*La t'alan l'nisyuna*). The word here translated "bring" has in reality a stronger meaning: "drag." The picture is of a bailiff, or jailer, dragging a guilty prisoner before a judge. It is in briefer form the same petition as is expressed in the Psalms, "Enter not into judgment with Thy servant, O Lord, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified" (Psalm 143;2, Hebrew numbering). It is the same meaning as that in the Psalm Miserere—no man can stand before the just judgment of God without condemnation. The plea is then that God shall not sit in judgment, but "deliver us from evil." Again the word in Aramaic *(patzan)* is much stronger. It means "shake us free" as though one were beating dust out of a rug. The Evil One clings tight, must be torn loose.

No one who knows anything of Semitic verbs can doubt that the Gospel of John was written originally in the Lord's language, because of the tense-forms of the verbs. A peculiarity of these languages—Hebrew,

THE BRIDE

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The author of *Time Without Number* (Lamont Poetry Selection, 1957) here provides a brilliant and deeply moving explanation of the Church as the Bride of Jesus Christ. Set in the history of salvation and written with poetic intensity, the work appears to Father Killian McDonnell, O.S.B. "to be a prose poem in much the same sense that Kierkegaard's *Fear and Trembling* is a philosophical poem and DeLubac's *The Splendor of the Church* is a theological poem. THE BRIDE," writes Father McDonnell, "will be one of the books of the year." $3.50

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Arabic, Aramaic—is known as the "Wav conversive" or "wav consecutive." Wav is the letter *U*,—also standing for V and W. It means "and" when placed in front of a verb and "changes its tense" as we say in Western conjugations. That means the time of this second verb is reckoned from the preceding verb. Thus St. John says, "She *stooped* into the sepulchre" (the words "and looked" are not in the original) "and *sees* two angels in white. . . . And they *say* unto her. . . . She *says* to them. . . ."

Thus the consequent actions are dated from the time of the verb "stooped," which in Greek is aorist, definitely past tense—as near as a Greek verb can get to the "perfect" tense in Aramaic. At the time she stooped, she was seeing and saying. It is a continuous action.

Now no Greek could write—could even think—in such chronological terms. Greeks viewed an action from the standpoint of the speaker or writer at the time of speaking or writing. But the vivid Semitic mentality puts one back into the very time of the action itself.

We must look, not only at conjugations, but at the whole of the Gospels, from the Semitic point of view. St. Paul's Epistles consist of vigorous attempts to make converts speaking Greek or Latin understand the implications of Christ's teachings to those who heard them. How successful he was is hard for us to judge, steeped as we are in a totally different psychological frame of reference. But certainly it is necessary, if the Catholic Faith is to triumph again in Asia where it started, that we should know how Asia thinks. It isn't easy, but a start can be made by studying the vernacular of Jesus.

IRWIN ST. JOHN TUCKER.

BOOKS

A Life Study as an Illumination of Life Conflicts

LIFE STUDIES. By Robert Lowell. Farrar, Straus and Cudahy. $3.50.

By HORACE GREGORY

TODAY it would seem that the writing of poetry in the United States were in a renewed cycle of a "twilight interval"—which was a name given to a decade following the death of Whitman in 1892. Then as now vast quantities of magazine verse were written, published widely, admired by some critics, issued in book-form, yet all fell short of having essential poetic meaning, imaginative power—and "something to say." Whether current magazine verse veers to Zen-Buddist-Freudian-Left, to classroom-exercise-Right, or settles tonelessly in a "craftsman-strategy" Middle, it is the kind of verse that falls easily within acceptable editorial standards, which means that it also falls within fashionable grooves of critical opinion.

It is understandable that writers of verse dearly wish to be published, and the less they have to say, the more willing they are to trim their verses to whatever a group of friends, an editor, or a commercial anthologist demands. That is why intelligent readers of poetry find much that they read in current magazines tasteless, trivial, and soporific. If they do not buy many books of poems, it is because they have been hopelessly bored by magazine verse.

Yet behind a dull facade of mere verse, actual poets exist and so do real poems. Among the few poets of the nineteen-forty generation there is Robert Lowell with his fourth book of poems, *Life Studies*. At first reading, the book is deceptively slight, and one is annoyed at the presence of a thirty-five page autobiographical fragment in prose. Why a passage in prose that is more than one-third of the book? A second reading yields an answer to the question. The center of the book is rooted in Lowell's autobiography. The poems return to that center, the Lowell home in Boston, the excursions away from it, the return to childhood scenes, and a precariously attained maturity. The book throws a backward light on his earlier books. The setting of all his poems is made more concrete, more immediately related to the way he looks at the world.

The value of Lowell's poetry lies in its power to evoke immediate things, sights, sounds, feelings—all unglossed, deftly selected fragments placed against one another, from which an essential poetic meaning rises. That is why his portraits are memorable. Here is a woman:

> Nautilus Island's hermit
> heiress still lives through winter
> in her Spartan cottage;
> her sheep still graze above the
> sea.
> Her son's a bishop. Her farmer
> is first selectman in our village;
> she's in her dotage.

Then there is a Boston scene of an Aunt Sarah:

> Each morning she practiced
> on the grand piano at
> Symphony Hall,
> deathlike in the off-season
> summer—
> its naked Greek statues draped
> with purple
> like the saints in Holy Week
> . . .
> On the recital day, she failed
> to appear.

Almost every poem in the book also shows the precariousness of keeping alert, of staying alive. It is Lowell's way of reilluminating an important theme in poetry: the triple conflict between madness, death, and life. Lowell has used his own life as a "life study" toward a revelation of that conflict. Among various other portraits in the book, the poem "For George Santayana" is the best; it deserves a number of rereadings, and is the equal of an earlier poem, "Falling Asleep over the Aeneid." So far as I know it is

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the best of all tributes to Santayana and in it, there is a turn of concentrated wit that points beyond the present book to Lowell's future. (Santayana, by the way, was one of the few poets of the decade after 1892.) At the very least Lowell's *Life Studies* defines his personality. He has given new life to a New England tradition in American poetry. Unquestionably he is here to stay—and best of all, his book restores confidence that poems can be written in a "twilight interval."

Ubiquitous Bagehot

WALTER BAGEHOT: A Study of His Life and Thought Together With A Selection from His Political Writings. By Norman St. John-Stevas. Indiana University Press. $7.50.

By MICHAEL HARRINGTON

IT HAS BEEN the fate of Walter Bagehot to be quoted constantly, but hardly ever read. His name is familiar enough to contemporary readers (he runs somewhat behind de Tocqueville, of course, but he shares ubiquity with him), but his substantial thought has remained relatively obscure. Now, with the appearance of this study by Norman St. John-Stevas and a good several hundred pages of excerpts from his writings, he emerges from out of the literary shadows.

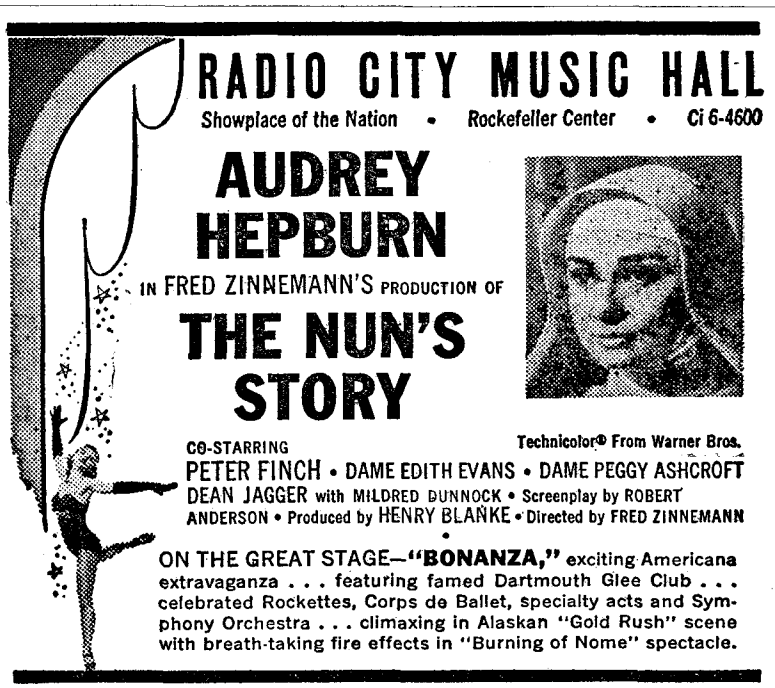
Not surprisingly, the first thing that strikes one reading these essays is their quotability. Bagehot could write of Peel, "As long as these questions remained the property of first-class intellects, as long as they were confined to philanthropists or speculators, as long as they were only advocated by austere, intangible Whigs, Sir Robert Peel was against them. So soon as these measures . . . became the property of second-class intellects, Sir Robert Peel possessed them also." Or, and this insight is an accomplishment for a conservative, he could describe the Tory reaction to the French Revolution, "They were afraid of catching revolution, as old women of catching cold."

Yet, after the familiar brilliance of the quotable writer is recognized, how does Bagehot come through to a modern reader? This poses a very real problem, for the values which are expressed in these essays are hostile to the democratic tradition. To be sure, it is completely unfair to expect a nineteenth-century writer to conform to the ideas of twentieth century democratic thought, and it is obvious that nineteenth-century conservatives have a historic worth and cannot be dismissed out of hand. Yet where does their claim upon our mind spring from, and how does this relate to Bagehot?

Part of the answer to this complex question was provided in a recent English study, *Culture and Society* by Raymond Williams. Williams is a radical democrat, a socialist, yet he outlines an intellectual tradition in the nineteenth century which included both conservatives and liberals (and even radicals). If there is a profound conflict between the proposals advocated by Burke and Cobbet, by Coleridge and William Morris, there is also a fascinating community in their versions of the world. All of the really serious English writers of this period, as Williams analyzed them, shared an insight into the dangers of a technological and urban society. Their eyes, so to speak, thought in common even if their minds were at war. Thus, in reading a conservative like Burke, or like Coleridge, there is real substance to be found even if the program advocated is hopelessly outdated and utopian.

The same, I am afraid, is not the case with Bagehot, at least as he emerges in these selections. Here is a man who could write, "In plain English, what I fear is that both our political parties will bid for the support of the workingman; that both of them promise to do as he likes if he will only tell them what it is; that, as he now holds the casting vote in our affairs, both parties will beg and pray him to give that vote to them." Historically speaking, such a point of view was, to put it mildly, a reactionary one. The English workingman whom Bagehot feared in politics has been central to the democratic gains in British society ever since Bagehot wrote.

But even such a historic blunder would be excusable if it were compensated for by some deeply conservative insight of value. For example, Ortega y Gasset wrote his *Revolt of the Masses* from an aristocratic point of view, yet his prophecies of mass society were profound. The problem with Bagehot is that one searches in vain for this compensating level, for the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truth of the eyes that is more powerful than the formulations of the mind. There is not the best of the conservative tradition in these writings, that feel for the organic and social development of human life; and neither is there the worst. There is, alas, the in-between, a cultivated, aristocratic man of letters and political economist of the nineteenth century who was never on the extreme, who was a conservative liberal, a liberal conservative.

Yet, there is no question that Norman St. John-Stevas is to be commended for bringing out this collection and writing his biographical memoir of Bagehot. For perhaps the central value to these writings, the one that history has recognized through quotation, is the vitality of their politics, the ironic and wry references to this or that event. On such a level of political journalism, this book of, and by, Bagehot should be welcomed by every student of English letters and life.

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Aristocrat of Form

BLOOD ON THE STRAW. By Berthe Grimault. Trans. by Lucienne Hill. Fleet. $3.50

By WILLIAM DUNLEA

IN ITS ORIGINAL French this story was called *Tuer Son Enfant,* or *To Kill One's Child.* The probability is that this rendering was rejected as being too clinical. *She Killed Her Child* would not only be too bald but would reek of the tabloids. *Blood on the Straw* carries a certain elusiveness while yet loyally evoking the facts of the fiction. But a price is always paid for expediency in translation, and this title makes the book sound like an nth rate shocker.

Had it been the work of a Simenon—and it might—he would lose no caste by it, but it would be of no special interest; since its author is Berthe Grimault, it is. Who, then, is Berthe Grimault? Of peasant stock, she was already a redoubtable "unknown" at fourteen, when, in collaboration with the village postman she wrote and published her first novel; this was a work of such precious promise that it astonished many commentators into illiterate encomium. Two years ago, at seventeen and unassisted, she came up with the document before us. Although it is a novel by courtesy alone, it proves that Miss Grimault can spin a yarn with at least the ruthlessness of genius.

Not since *Bonjour, Tristesse* have critical bouquets for the literary efforts of female minors been strewn with such abandon. The two books are not to be compared. Sagan is eclectic, Grimault goes it alone in a most frenzied manner; Sagan makes a mystique of ennui, Grimault unites the naturalistic with the bizarre.

Miss Grimault's talents conform stringently to the limitations of the psychological thriller, but within those limitations Miss Grimault is an aristocrat of form. She also writes with a command of primitive compulsions and base motives which belies her years. Her story is half *Spoon River* and half *Snake Pit.*

It is told by the teen-age Françoise, who describes how her elder sister, Josette, gives birth to an illegitimate child in the cowshed of their farm, and accidentally smothers him while secluding herself with him in the straw so as not to be spied out by an approaching neighbor. To help calm the grief-wracked Josette, who is threatening to kill herself because the infant's body is sure to be discovered, Françoise disposes of it by plunging it into the pigs' swill. From then on they are haunted like murderers. For weeks Françoise has nightmares of delirious remorse which she finally succeeds in shaking off, while the effects of the atrocity on Josette are more insidious and her mind is permanently unhinged.

There is a startling contrast between the raw imagination of this suspense tale and the tautness and restraint with which it is told; its very vigor resides in its restraint. Much has been made of the terseness of the writing, as if it were "involuntary" and not, as in fact it is, demanded by the content: about such details the author can be no equivocator, but neither can he be too microscopic.

In matters of craft Miss Grimault's intuition is unimpeachable; in those of deduction it is not always so. Thus it is only after we are out of the clutches of her furious narrative that certain doubts begin to gnaw.

Miss Grimault premises her whole attack on a conception of French ruralia that plays hob with an image imparted by a thousand and one French novels and movies. If they have done nothing else these genre pieces have convinced us that French country folk can be brought round to a broadminded view of unwed mothers. More, it is hard to accept that Josette's own family could have been blind to her pregnancy, even though her mother has waning vision.

This opening crisis, like all those to which it leads, has no more than fictional cogency; the theme of guilt, therefore, is progressively attenuated. Miss Grimault can be gruesome; she has yet to prove she can be grim.

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Keep Moving

COOL WORLD. By Warren Miller. Little, Brown. $3.75.

By ROBERT GUTWILLIG

IF ANYONE had ever suggested to me that I would be able to scurry through yet another novel about New York juvenile delinquents and end up liking it immensely, and if this hypothetical worthy had further informed me that though the story was told entirely in dialect I should conclude this was a brilliantly sustained narrative method, I would have had doubts about his sanity. Yet it seems to me that Warren Miller's new novel, *Cool World,* which answers the description, is something of a small miracle.

The story, told by the protagonist, Duke Custis, a fourteen-year-old Negro, is so simple it is terrifying. For, though Duke's life is crowded with incident, peopled with strikingly realized characters and balanced precariously between one complex emotion and another, he is desperately single-minded about buying a gun, becoming the President of his Harlem gang and leading them into battle against the neighboring, rival gang.

It is an ambition and a story with which we have all become alarmingly familiar. Duke wants the gun because he "know anybody lookin at me know that I am a man who have the power," and he "swings with the gang" because "the world run by crooks and pushers and hoods from top to bottom . . . Its no world to be nice in. If you want the littleest crumb from the pie you got to fight you way to it." So: "I keep movin. Some time I wave a hand to em. The coolies look at me. Coolies don't swing with the gang. . . . Aint no place for coolies in this world."

Mr. Miller is so convincing and his story so compelling that the real danger is that readers will forget he is writing fiction not fact. That would be a pity, for the author has created a world for Duke just as surely as he created Lionel Aldrich's world of jaunty despair in *The Way We Live Now* and the deceptively glossy spheres of the Amanda Vail novels. It simply will not do to condemn the ugly, the sordid and the brutal, to say the book will do more harm than good, to appeal to social workers and psychologists and judges. All such comment is irrelevant.

For *Cool World* is a novel, and the only proper and relevant question is whether it is a good novel. I think it is: the rhythms of speech and life are at once immediate and memorable, the moral issue at the center of the action is clear and significant, the action itself is swift, inexorable and uniquely fitted to the characters, and finally the characters (and it is through its characters that a novel ultimately succeeds or fails) are alive, convincing, funny when they are supposed to be funny, sad when they should be sad. All of them — Duke's mother and grandmother, the gang members, Mister Hurst, the janitor, Royal Baron, the marijuana peddler, the gypsy fortune teller and the others—are seen as individuals not types and seen clearly not sentimentally. But the best are Duke and Lu Ann, the gang's girl, and the scene when Duke takes Lu Ann on the subway to Coney Island to see the ocean for the first time is simply unforgettable.

Oddly enough, Warren Miller has achieved greater critical and popular success in England than in America. I say odd because Mr. Miller is not only one of our very versatile writers but one of our very good ones. Like Duke, he keeps moving, not always writing what one expects him to write or even what one wants him to write. There aren't many like that around these days.

REVIEWERS

Horace Gregory is co-author of *A History of American Poetry*, 1900-1940, and co-editor of the *Mentor Book of Religious Verse*.

Michael Harrington contributes to a variety of American journals concerned with matters of art and politics.

William Dunlea is a free-lance writer who makes his home in New York.

Robert Gutwillig, a novelist, is on the staff of a large New York publishing house.

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